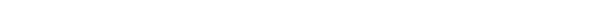


The Lone Ranger



So reads a paragraph in an article by J. Bryan III, in the issue of October 14, 1939, of the *Saturday Evening Post*.

The Lone Ranger is an American institution, hero of small boys and old women alike. The scripts are wonderfully horrible and horribly wonderful at the same time, and the cry "Hi-Yo, Silver" has about the same effect on hungry American multitudes as "Dinner is served"! Millions of people leave off what they are doing and do something else. The Lone Ranger is radio's busiest and most powerful crusader for the better life. He is a Lochinvar and Robin Hood, and he has just enough William S. Hart about him to be thoroughly muscular. He is a rage, a phase, a landmark, very definitely a radio entity who for the sake of posterity and the contemporary record deserves the next few pages. Herewith is script No. 1000, written by Fran Striker and performed over the Mutual Broadcasting System on June 30, 1939.

The Lone Ranger

ANNOUNCER.—Smith's Corners people went about their daily routine, little suspecting the tragedy that was coming at noon. It all began with the arrival of many hundred head of cattle, which approached the town in a commonplace way.

ANNOUNCER.—Caleb West noticed it on the outskirts of the town

CALEB.—Wonder whar that stock is comin' from. Yew any
idees, sheriff?

CALEB.—Downright odd. I . . . Hey, sheriff, ain't that the Bar Jay brand on some of them?

CALEB.—An' that's the Bar Jay dewlap! Thunder! Bar Jay ain't no cattle to bring *here now*! Old Blake was robbed a few . . .

SOUND.—*Fast shots, back . . . Cattle squeal.*

CALEB.--Look out, sheriff.

SHERIFF.—*Hey, what the . . .*

SOUND.—*Ad libbed fast shots . . . distant shouts . . . stampede starting.*

SHERIFF.—That'll stampede that cattle! Hey, you blame fools, stop that shootin' . . .

PETE.--(*Back*) Thar's the sheriff.

THE LONE RANGER

VOICE.—Let him have a couple.

CALEB.—That's Pete Brogan!

SHERIFF.—Stand where . . . (*gasp*)

CALEB.—Sheriff! Sheriff . . .

SOUND.—*Stampede up . . . sustain.*

ANNOUNCER.—Hard-riding two-gun men intentionally stampeded the herd of cattle, throwing fast shots toward where the sheriff and Caleb West stood in surprise. Both men sprawled on the ground while the frightened cattle thundered through the heart of Smith's Corners . . .

SOUND.—*Cattle stampede up . . . shouts ad libbed . . . "Stampede! . . . Git tuh cover! . . . It's a stampede! . . . Look out . . . Shoot anyone that shows! Cover the boys in the bank there."*

ANNOUNCER.—Guns roared whenever a townsman showed himself. The people working in the bank were suddenly surprised by men who dashed through the door . . .

LOOMIS.—Don't leave no one tuh know who we are! Clean 'em up!

SOUND.—*Guns blast . . . shouts of "Wait!" "Don't shoot."*

LOOMIS.—*That's the stuff! Now clean out the bank.*

SOUND.—*Ad libbing voices . . . "Make sure we don't overlook no cash . . . Pete ain't in favor o' slipshod work . . . Fill them sacks, and don't talk so much."*

ANNOUNCER.—(*Over the ad lib*) While grim-faced men looted the bank, others of the same powerful gang rushed old Ma Healy in the express office.

MA.—(*Yell*) What's this mean? Git outen here, yuh . . .

SOUND.—*Shot.*

MA.—*Gasp.*

VOICE.—Okay, boys, take that Wells Fargo cash an' the bullion from Goold Curry an' make it fast! Pete cain't keep that stampede goin' all day!

SOUND.—*Stampede fade in again.*

BEST BROADCASTS OF 1939-40

MUSIC.—*Cover . . . excitement . . . then change to . . . soft.*

ANNOUNCER.—Smith's Corners mourned that night. The ruthless attack of Pete Brogan's gang and their wanton gunplay left no less than a dozen people dead and many more wounded. The one doctor in town worked as fast as he could, but he couldn't begin to attend to all the injuries. An Indian, a stranger to everyone in town, appeared quite unexpectedly, and his skill in dressing gunshot wounds impressed even the stern sheriff.

SOUND.—*Water as wound is bathed.*

SHERIFF.—That'll do, Tonto. I c'n bandage that my own self.

TONTO.—Ugh!

SOUND.—*Rap on door.*

SHERIFF.—Who's callin' on you, Caleb?

CALEB.—*(Call out)* Who's thar?

MA.—*(Outside)* It's me, Ma Healy. Is the sheriff in there, Caleb?

CALEB.—Come on in, ma!

SOUND.—*Door opens.*

MA.—Sakes alive, it's a wonder you wouldn't stay around the scenes of . . . Why, sheriff . . . whar'd you git that wound?

SHERIFF.—Evenin', ma.

CALEB.—He took a bullet, when the "Brogan outfit" first hit town.

MA.—An' run intuh town tuh git thar right after things had happened?

SHERIFF.—Why not?

MA.—An' worked all this time with a slug in yer hide? Why, dad-rat you, yuh need someone tuh see that sech blame foolishness don't kill yuh!

SHERIFF.—I didn't have time tuh git patched up then. But how're you?

MA.—Fit as a fiddle!

THE LONE RANGER

TONTO.—That not true! You hit by bullet!

MA.—Aw, shucks, Injun, that didn't no more'n give me a headache but not near the headache this blamed Brogan outfit causes. What're yuh aimin' tuh do about 'em, sheriff?

SHERIFF.—That's what I'd like tuh know!

MA.—I seen a couple 'o the snakes. I c'd describe 'em! That's why I hunted you up.

SHERIFF.—Tain't no use, ma!

MA.—No use! I thought yuh wanted descriptions of all of 'em that you c'd git!

SHERIFF.—That uz last week. Things has changed.

MA.—How?

SHERIFF.—Brogan has fetched outlaws from half a dozen states intuh this part of the country! He's holed up in the badlands, an' it'd take more'n an army tuh git him!

MA.—What? More'n an army?

SHERIFF.—That's what I says!

CALEB.—He's got a regular fort up there, ma.

SHERIFF.—Surrounded by rocks that stand 20 foot high. Why, he c'n sit there inside them rocks an' spot a man comin' 10 miles off. A dozen men inside there could stand an army off!

MA.—Yuh know where they're at?

SHERIFF.—Yep. There ain't no mystery about it!

MA.—And yuh can't git 'em?

SHERIFF.—Ma, they ain't but one thing we c'n do! That's tuh sit tight an' hope an' pray that from now on Brogan will leave Smith's Corners alone!

MA.—An' let the skunk git away with all he done tuhday?

SHERIFF.—That's right!

MA.—But what about the army! Doggone it all, move the army here, an' let 'em use cannon tuh rout them rats from their hide-out.

BEST BROADCASTS OF 1939-40

SHERIFF.—Ma, I guess you don't know how far it is tuh where the army is located! What's more, the army is busy fightin' redskins. They got their hands full. It's up tuh the law tuh keep men like Brogan subdued.

MA.—An' the law cain't do nothin' . . . but sit with its fingers crossed. Why, blast yer hide, Sheriff . . .

CALEB.—Sheriff, hain't they some chance of *starvin'* 'em out?

SHERIFF.—Humph! They got springs there, ain't they?

CALEB.—Cain't live forever on *water*.

SHERIFF.—They got food enough stored there tuh last 'em a year! I tell yuh, Ma, Brogan has made a regular business out of bein' an outlaw. He's gone from thievery tuh murder, then tuh cattle stealin' and tuh more murder. Now he's organized in sech a way that he can attack every town inside 2 days' ride of his hide-out, an' they ain't no force of lawmen big enough tuh touch him!

CALEB.—He stole the cattle—just so he could stampede 'em an' chase folks outen the street when he attacked the town.

SHERIFF.—Where'd that Injun go?

MA.—I see him slip out when I come in.

SHERIFF.—*Shucks!* I wanted to ask him a few things.

CALEB.—He's likely gone tuh see if they's any more wounds that need takin' care of.

TONTO.—(*Outside*) Git um up, scout!

SOUND.—*Hoofs start and sustain.*

MUSIC.—*Tonto gallop.*

ANNOUNCER.—Hard riding brought Tonto, the faithful Indian companion of the Lone Ranger, to a prison camp many miles west of Smith's Corners at daybreak. Convicts were already at their work, building a bridge and improving a stage trail.

SOUND.—*Construction work, shoveling, chopping, etc. . . . hoofs clattering to halt.*

WARDEN.—*Howdy, redskin!*

TONTO.—*Whoa, scout! Whoa, feller.*

THE LONE RANGER

WARDEN.—What's on yer mind?

TONTO.—Me, Tonto. Where white friend?

WARDEN.—Who d'you mean?

TONTO.—Feller come yesterday. Him make plenty talk!

WARDEN.—Ridin' the white stallion?

TONTO.—That right.

WARDEN.—Wal, me an' him talked aplenty, like you say. Then he
rid out north o' here.

TONTO.—Him go *north*?

WARDEN.—That's right, Injun. North!

TONTO.—Not go um east?

WARDEN.—Nope. Was he tuh go east?

TONTO.—Him say, meet-um Tonto! Him not come!

WARDEN.—Um, now that's right curious! He ast a heap o' ques-
tions about these men here.

TONTO.—Ugh!

WARDEN.—Wanted tuh know if they'd done anything real seri-
ous, an' I told him most o' them was servin' time fer desertin'
the army.

TONTO.—Um!

WARDEN.—Then, while we was talkin', a couple gents come up,
an' they spoke fer a time with this hombre that rid the white
hoss. Then the three o' them started out northard.

TONTO.—Git um up, scout!

SOUND.—*Hoofs start . . . fade out.*

MUSIC.—*Tension interlude.*

ANNOUNCER.—Tonto felt a vague apprehension, when told about
the two men with whom his friend had ridden away. He knew
that the Lone Ranger went into the convict camp with his
face disguised but unmasked. He also knew that the Lone
Ranger would have met him in Smith's Corners, if someone
hadn't prevented this. What the Indian did not know was

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that Pete Brogan and a couple of his men were at that very moment talking on the trail . . .

SOUND.—*Background of clumps in place.*

PETE.—Soyuh picked this hombre up yesterday after we raided the town, eh?

SNEAD.—That's right, Pete! An' we ain't let him git out from under our gunsights since then. We ain't takin' no chance with this gent.

RANGER.—What do you want of me?

PETE.—*Why're you so interested in my business?*

RANGER.—Because I want to find a way to *smash* you and your gang!

PETE.—*Wall! (Chuckles)* A right outspoken gent, ain't yuh?

RANGER.—Yo're running things with a pretty high hand, Pete, but you won't go on much longer.

PETE.—No? An' maybe you're figgerin' tuh stop me! I heard it *said* that that was what was on yer mind.

RANGER.—Yes, it is.

PETE.—*(Chuckles)* Purty big plans. If yuh cain't git the best of *two* of my men, an' not two of the best ones either, jest *how* d'yew figger on gittin' the best of the hull pack of us?

RANGER.—That can be done, Brogan.

SNEAD.—Brogan, he's got a pal o' some sort that he figgers on trailin' us!

PETE.—*What?*

SNEAD.—Yeah, we figgered yuh'd want tuh git the pal as well, so that uz why we kept quiet when we seen what he was doin'!

PETE.—*What uz he doin'?*

SNEAD.—Wal, it uz yesterday when we got him, yuh know. We rid all night gittin' this far.

PETE.—Yeah?

THE LONE RANGER

SNEAD.—He figgered we didn't see him, but I did. He blazed a trail.

PETE.—*He what?*

SNEAD.—That's right. (*Chuckles*) Thought you was puttin' one over on me, didn't yuh, stranger? (*Pause*) All right then, don't answer! But yuh see now that Pete Brogan don't have no *fools* workin' fer him!

PETE.—Take him on tuh the headquarters, gents. Me an' Loomis an' Driscoll will go on an' ride the back trail, watchin' out fer the friend o' his.

SNEAD.—Right. You c'n follow it easy enough. You'll see the marks he put on the trees we rid past.

PETE.—Good enough. Come on, boys. G'lang thar!

VOICE.—*Git up.*

LOOMIS.—*Git.*

SOUND.—*Hoofs start . . . fade out.*

RANGER.—Snead, you're pretty observing, aren't you?

SNEAD.—(*Laughs*) That's the time yuh got fooled.

RANGER.—So you thought I was blazing a trail, eh?

SNEAD.—If yuh wasn't, what *was* yuh doin'?

VOICE.—Nemmine the talk. Let's git back tuh the hide-out.

SNEAD.—Now git ridin', stranger!

RANGER.—And leave Brogan to capture my friend?

SNEAD.—Reckon you an' yore pal will die about the same time.
Now git!

RANGER.—Not yet! Hi, Silver!

SOUND.—*Hoofs clatter.*

SNEAD.—Hey . . .

VOICE.—Look out!

RANGER.—At them, boy!

SOUND.—*Shrill whinny . . . clattering of hoofs.*

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RANGER.—Down!

VOICE.—(*Scream*) Hi thar . . .

SOUND.—*Shots.*

RANGER.—Get 'em, boy!

ANNOUNCER.—The mighty stallion leaped suddenly at the Lone Ranger's signal and lunged against the nearest of the outlaws. This man, knocked off balance, was helpless as the big white horse reared and lashed down with those sharp forefeet at Snead. Snead, dodging, spilled from the saddle. The Lone Ranger leaped headlong at him, bringing his fist against the heavy jaw of the crook.

SOUND.—*Blow.*

SNEAD.—(*Moans*)

ANNOUNCER.—The other man was firing wildly, blindly, as he fought to maintain his saddle. The Lone Ranger sprang to his feet, as Silver kept charging the outlaw to keep him off balance. Snatching a gun from the unconscious Snead, he fired quickly . . .

SOUND.—*Shot.*

VOICE.—(*Yells*) My hand . . . my hand . . .

ANNOUNCER.—Blasting the gun from the killer's hand. Then he grabbed at the man, jerking him from his horse . . .

RANGER.—*I want you, too!*

VOICE.—*My hand, yuh ain't fair! Yuh . . .*

RANGER.—*Come off that saddle!*

VOICE.—(*Grunts*) *Blast yuh . . .*

RANGER.—(*Struggling*) I'm roping you first!

VOICE.—*My hand is . . .*

RANGER.—Your hand's not hurt! That bullet only struck your gun! *There!* That'll keep your arms down!

VOICE.—Blast yuh, my pals will git yuh fir this! They'll git yuh if it's the last thing they ever do! Yuh can't git away with this!

THE LONE RANGER

RANGER.—(*Tossing rope*) We'll see about that!

ANNOUNCER.—Coil after coil of rope was tossed about the outlaw until he could move neither arms nor legs! Then the Lone Ranger treated the unconscious man in the same way! The two were tied to the trunk of a convenient tree. The Lone Ranger reclaimed his gun belt from the one who had taken it; then when the brace of familiar weapons were strapped in place, he took a mask from beneath his shirt and adjusted it over his eyes. Now he was the masked mystery rider once again. He leaped astride the great horse Silver and shouted

. . .

RANGER.—*Hi yo, Silver! Away-y-y-y*

SOUND.—*Hoofs.*

MUSIC.—*Theme song sustain in background.*

ANNOUNCER.—Riding hard along the trail he'd blazed, the Lone Ranger thought only of the safety of his faithful Indian companion Tonto.

RANGER.—*If Brogan gets to Tonto first, he'll make him think we're prisoners! Come on, Silver old boy, stretch out those great legs of yours! We've got to let Tonto understand that we're not captured! Hi yo, Silver, away!*

MUSIC.—*Crescendo to finish.*

ANNOUNCER.—The curtain falls on the first act of our Lone Ranger drama. Before the next exciting scenes, please permit us to pause for just a moment.

(Commercial and Presentation)

ANNOUNCER.—Tonto followed the trail blazed by the Lone Ranger when the masked mystery rider was a captive of Pete Brogan's men. The Indian rode fast, his keen eye catching the small marks on the trees he passed. Then three men loomed on the trail ahead . . .

SOUND.—*Hoofs clattering to halt.*

TONTO.—*Whoa, scout! Whoa, feller!*

PETE.—(*Approaching*) Rein up, boys. *Whoa thar!*

SOUND.—*Hoofs approach and halt . . . ad libbed whoas.*

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PETE.—Git ver hands high, redskin. We hanker tuh ask you aplenty of questions!

TONTO.—Who you?

PETE.—I said we'd *ask* questions, not answer 'em.

TONTO.—Ugh.

PETE.—You lookin' fer a white friend that's been captured?

TONTO.—You see-um him?

PETE.—Mebbe we have. Are yuh or *ain't* yuh huntin' him?

TONTO.—Me want um him!

PETE.—That's what we wanted tuh know! Grab him, boys!

VOICE 2.—Right!

TONTO.—What this?

PETE.—Git a rope around him!

LOOMIS.—This'll hold him!

PETE.—Make a move, an' we'll drill yuh here an' now! Now let's git ridin'! Lead the redskin's hoss fer him!

SOUND.—*Ad libbed git ups . . . hoofs start . . . sustain.*

ANNOUNCER.—Tonto, tightly lashed, was compelled to go with Pete Brogan through the woods toward the badlands and the outlaw stronghold. But as the group progressed, the Indian suddenly noted a new sign on some of the trees he passed. It was a cryptic pattern that could not have been cut there in a hurry. His face showed a trace of a grin . . . Suddenly, Tonto ducked low in the saddle, bending far over the neck of his horse Scout. At the same instant the three outlaws were dragged from the saddle and spilled to the ground.

SOUND.—*Hoofs breaking.*

PETE.—(*Casp*) What the . . .

LOOMIS.—Hi . . .

VOICE 2.—G-g-got . . . got me! What's happened?

PETE.—Where . . . shoot . . . shoot it out . . . who roped us . . .

THE LONE RANGER

RANGER.—Keep your hands away from guns!

PETE.—Wha . . . what the . . .

RANGER.—You're covered!

LOOMIS.—You!

VOICE 2.—That voice. That's the crittur Snead had . . .

RANGER.—Your pals are already roped and waiting for jail!

TONTO.—Steady, scout!

RANGER.—I'll have you cut loose in just a minute, Kemo Sabay.

PETE.—You stretched a rope between them trees!

RANGER.—Of course, I did! That was the easiest way to catch you without giving you the chance to fire on Tonto! There you are, Tonto.

TONTO.—Now, Tonto, rope um, feller!

RANGER.—This will make five of the Brogan gang to take to the sheriff in town!

PETE.—The jail ain't made that'll hold me!

RANGER.—We'll see about that!

TONTO.—Put um hand behind back.

LOOMIS.—I won't do it! I (*howl*) ouchhh . . .

TONTO.—That better.

RANGER.—Make those ropes good and tight, Tonto! I guess we wont need to use the plan I had in mind to capture the Brogan outlaws.

PETE.—They ain't no plan that man ever made that'll hold me! I'm bigger'n the law! The law don't dare hold me! My men will wipe out every town around here, if I ain't let go!

MUSIC.—*Tension interlude.*

ANNOUNCER.—When the Lone Ranger left the five outlaws, well tied, in the hands of the sheriff, he rode away, not realizing the terror that Brogan's gang had brought to the entire region. Brogan, as a captive, had a lot to say, and the townspeople heard it . . .

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PETE.—Keep me in this jail an' yuh wont have a house left standin'! You know what happened yesterday! Wal, that ain't nothin' tuh what our outfit'll do when they hear I'm prisoner here! (*Murmurs of crowd*) You folks better talk it over an' make the sheriff see things right fer yer own good!

CALEB.—(*Back*) Dad-rat it, sheriff. We cain't risk bein' wiped out.

SHERIFF.—Them prisoners ain't gittin' loose!

VOICE.—I dunno but what the sheriff is wrong, this time.

SOUND.—*Ad libbed murmurs increasing.*

MA.—Now don't go agin the sheriff. Hain't none of yuh no spunk?

CALEB.—I got a family tuh think of.

VOICE.—I cain't afford havin' my place burned down.

AD-LIB.—Brogan's men'll do jest what he says . . . They got a reg'lar army out there in the badlands . . . I figger we should turn 'em loose, if they make promises to us . . . I dunno. It calls fer deep thinkin' . . . It's ag'in all principles . . . First principle is self-preservation . . .

SOUND.—*Sustain ad lib.*

ANNOUNCER.—The crowd that gathered outside the jail was deeply impressed by the harsh threats of the men behind the barred windows. They realized that the scant number of able-bodied men in town would be almost helpless against the well-armed Brogan outlaw band. They talked among themselves while Brogan shouted at them from time to time . . .

PETE.—Yuh better let us go right soon, or it'll be too late!

CALEB.—(*Turn*) I'm fer lettin' 'em go free!

VOICE.—Me, too!

SOUND.—*Ad libbed shouts of agreement.*

SHERIFF.—Yuh cain't do it, folks! We got five of the gang jailed, an' we'll git the rest!

CALEB.—Stand aside, sheriff!

THE LONE RANGER

AD LIB.—Stand tuh one side! We're turnin' 'em loose! Someone git their hosses. We'll protect our town. Let other folks do the same!

SHERIFF.—(*Ad libbing pleading*) Folks, use yer heads! This ain't right! Yuh can't turn the killers loose. (*Sustain ad libs*)

ANNOUNCER.—The sheriff's pleas were useless. The townspeople stormed the small jail, broke the lock; and in a moment the five gloating outlaws were free to mount their horses and ride away.

CALEB.—Now, remember. Yuh promised tuh leave our town alone!

PETE.—I got aplenty of scores tuh settle! One of them is with you, sheriff . . . fer wantin' tuh keep me jailed!

SHERIFF.—Why, you . . .

PETE.—You'll hear more of us! Come on, boys! Git up.

SOUND.—*Ad libbed git ups . . . Hoofs start and fade.*

MA.—Yuh pack of white-livered jellyfish! What right've you got tuh call yerselves men! I'm leavin' this town! This is a town that ain't fit tuh be on the face of the map!

RANGER.—(*Back*) Come on, Silver!

CALEB.—Who's that ridin' down here?

MA.—Thar's a man! Thar's the masked man that captured five o' them! An' all you lizards put tuhgether ain't the nerve tuh hold 'em when they're captured!

RANGER.—(*Approaching*) Whoa, there . . . whoa, Silver . . .

SHERIFF.—The masked man!

RANGER.—*Sheriff* . . . Have you let the killers go?

SHERIFF.—I had tuh do it, stranger . . .

RANGER.—Why?

SHERIFF.—I wanted tuh hold 'em, but they talked fear intuh the rest o' the folks here!

RANGER.—And they've been released to return to their stronghold?

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SHERIFF.—That's right, an' I'm quittin' Smith's Corner's right now.

RANGER.—Quitting! That's not your job! Your job is to make this town a fit one to live in!

CALEB.—All right, what's tuh be done? Maybe you'll ride up tuh Brogan's fort—intuh the *teeth* of rifles an' cannon—an' clean them killers out!

RANGER.—Is there anyone here will ride with me?

VOICE.—Not me!

MA.—I will, by ginger. As old as I am, I'll ride with yuh.

SHERIFF.—I'll go, stranger . . .

CALEB.—Well, I won't.

AD LIB.—Not me. It's certain death! They aint a *chance* of beatin' 'em!

RANGER.—Two people! One of them an old lady! Your town isn't fit to be saved! But there are other towns to consider! Come on, boy!

SOUND.—*Hoofs clatter.*

SHERIFF.—Where yuh goin'?

RANGER.—Hi yo, Silver . . .

SHERIFF.—Hey . . .

RANGER.—*Away-y-y-y.*

SOUND.—*Hoofs start . . . sustain.*

MUSIC.—*Theme of gallop, faint.*

ANNOUNCER.—Wheeling the white stallion, the Lone Ranger raced away from town and headed back for his camp where Tonto waited to learn if the rumor was right . . . The masked mystery rider came to a rearing halt . . .

SOUND.—*Hoofs clattering to halt.*

RANGER.—Back to the original plan, Tonto! Those folks are helpless! They'll be taught a lesson! To the saddle!

TONTO.—Me ready!

THE LONE RANGER

RANGER.—Come on, Silver!

SOUND.—*Hoofs start . . . fade out.*

MUSIC

SLADE.—(*Fading in*) It ain't that the work in this camp is tough, boys; the warden sure ain't rough on us; it's jest bein' a prisoner fer so many years that bothers me . . . we ain't nothin' but a pack of forgotten men!

MUSIC.—*Soft evening theme.*

ANNOUNCER.—One of the prisoners at the camp was speaking to his companions as the warden came up, overhearing him . . .

WARDEN.—I'm afraid that's what you'll be, Slade, fer a good many years tuh come—forgotten men.

SLADE.—Oh, I didn't see yuh come up, warden.

WARDEN.—I'll admit that most of you deserve a better life. There ain't a man in this camp that's vicious or a man that's done anything more serious than tuh protest against the war . . .

SLADE.—We figgered tuh end the war a year before it did end . . . by refusin' tuh carry on the fight. That's all, warden.

WARDEN.—I know your records. Now, boys, I come to tell you somethin'!

SLADE.—Um.

WARDEN.—If I was in any one of your shoes, I'd almost as soon do anything, as live like this!

SLADE.—Me, too.

WARDEN.—Suppose . . . there was a chance fer you to fight!

SLADE.—Is the war started again?

WARDEN.—They's a different sort of war now. A war against crooks that've infested the West.

SLADE.—They's sheriffs tuh take care of that.

WARDEN.—But the lawmen can't! Boys, maybe some of you noticed the man on the white hoss that was around here.

SLADE.—Yeah, what'd he want?

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WARDEN.—He brought me a special order. Now I don't know if you'll be needed or not. He's goin' to let us know. But the thing is, you're goin' to be offered the chance to win a free pardon.

SOUND.—*Excited chatter.*

SLADE.—How! Tell us how!

WARDEN.—Wait, boys! Quiet down a minute.

SLADE.—Tell us!

WARDEN.—Pete Brogan's gang is fortified in the badlands. He's too well protected for any posse the sheriff can get together to wipe out.

SLADE.—Is that the same Brogan that sold out the army?

WARDEN.—The same!

SLADE.—Why, that . . .

WARDEN.—Listen to me! There's horses here to equip you. The same ones you've used for work. There ain't one chance in a hundred for a man to live through an attack on Brogan's stronghold; but if you do, you'll earn your pardons!

SOUND.—*Excited chatter.*

WARDEN.—Hold on, boys! I ain't said yet that you was needed.

SLADE.—Of course we're needed! We heard about Pete Brogan! We know his kind!

WARDEN.—He's skilled in army work. He knows fightin'!

SLADE.—So do we! This is a different kind of fightin' than when we was shootin' men the same as us! In some cases our own relations! Give us a fightin' chance tuh be free men! That's all we ask!

SOUND.—*Ad libbing agreement.*

AD LIB.—Let us go! You gotta give us the chance!

WARDEN.—Boys, it's 'most the same as suicide!

AD LIB.—*Sustaining.*

SLADE.—Warden! We're going! We're goin'! You cain't stop us!

THE LONE RANGER

SOUND.—*Ad libbing builds.*

MUSIC.—*Fade in chaotic . . . burst . . . then down fast.*

SOUND.—*Clattering of hoofs.*

SLADE.—We're startin' out, boys! Git tuh yer saddles!

VOICE 3.—You take command, Slade!

SLADE.—Whar's that bugler! This is an attack, boys! It's fer freedom or kingdom come! Are yuh mounted? (*Shouting agreement . . . blast of bugle*) Thar's the bugle! Follow me, boys! We're headin' fer Brogan's fort! Git up!

SOUND.—*Blast of bugle . . . shouts and hoofs . . . fade out.*

MUSIC.—*Crescendo.*

ANNOUNCER.—The long pent-up energies of the strange army of convicts found an outlet, as they raced to what was almost certain death in the slim hope that some would live to become free men.

The Lone Ranger came into the convict camp some time later to learn that the men had already gone!

RANGER.—Hi yo! Silver . . .

SOUND.—*Hoofs clattering.*

RANGER.—But they were to wait until I came!

SOUND.—*Hoofs.*

MUSIC.—*Burst.*

ANNOUNCER.—The Lone Ranger realized that the odds would greatly favor the outlaws. Yet he dashed on to be with them when they made their attack. Miles from the convict camp the light of the moon showed Brogan and his men the hard-riding soldiers, and the outlaws behind their rocky fortress opened fire. (*Burst of gunfire . . . hoofs . . . shouts*) The first volley dropped many of the former soldiers. The rest spread out but kept riding up the hill, saving their few precious shots.

AD LIB.—We can't do it, boys. We may's well give up.

RANGER.—*Who said that?*

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ANNOUNCER.—The men turned toward the new voice that spoke. The man was masked, and his white stallion showed hard riding.

RANGER.—You keep falling back! That's playing right into Brogan's hands! Keep going! Keep going, and some of you will make the fort! They can't stop all of you!

VOICE 2.—I had enough!

VOICE 3.—Me, too!

RANGER.—All right . . . deserters! Quit! Those of you who are men . . . can follow me!

VOICE 3.—Yuh ridin' up there alone, stranger?

RANGER.—No! I'm not riding alone! There are a lot of men right here who will follow me!

ANNOUNCER.—The Lone Ranger reached beneath his shirt as he spoke. He drew out a brilliantly colored piece of bunting. He unfolded it, and the moonlight showed red . . . white . . . and stars in a field of blue!

RANGER.—I'm flying this flag from inside that stronghold! . . . Come on, boys . . . Who'll follow Old Glory?

SOUND.—*Hoofs.*

VOICE 3.—The flag!

AD LIB.—*Cheers.*

VOICE 2.—Boys . . . I'm ridin' with him!

VOICE 3.—Come on! Git up thar!

RANGER.—Hi yo, Silver! Away . . .

SOUND.—*Ad libbed git ups . . . hoofs very strong.*

ANNOUNCER.—Inspired by the flag the former soldiers thrilled to the task before them. They raced madly up the hill.

SOUND.—*Gunfire.*

MUSIC.—*Chaotic sustaining.*

ANNOUNCER.—This time there was no turning back. The Lone Ranger raced into the very teeth of the outlaw fire. The men with him could not be stopped. Many of them took bullets

THE LONE RANGER

and still kept going. They gained the fort, then stormed inside.

SOUND.—*Hoofs clattering to halt . . . hand-to-hand fighting.*

ANNOUNCER.—Some leaped from their horses, using their rifles as clubs. Others had bayonets. The Lone Ranger, still astride the mighty Silver, was everywhere. The outlaws, cowards at heart, were disorganized. The attackers had accomplished the impossible! The fortress had offered no defense against the unfaltering spirit, and the sharp hand-to-hand struggle was brief!

MUSIC.—*Burst . . . finish.*

RANGER.—(*Cue*) Now, Brogan, you're going to go back to the prison!

PETE.—D-don't . . . don't take me there . . . they . . . they'll hang me now.

RANGER.—And is there anything that's more deserved? *You men . . .* you've showed the people of Smith's Corners what *men* can do! You're going to be granted pardons. Take this flag, and keep it flying out here in the country you conquered.

VOICE 3.—We . . . there . . . there ain't many of us left . . .

RANGER.—It's up to those of you who are left to make this the sort of country your friends would be willing to give their lives for! That is the foundation of America.

VOICE 3.—I . . . I ast the bugler . . . figgerin' on raisin' this flag here . . . if he remembered his calls. He's fixin' tuh sound off.

RANGER.—What call?

VOICE 3.—To the colors.

MUSIC.—(*Bugle*) "*To the Colors*" *fade-out.*

RANGER.—(*Slightly back . . . On cue*) Hi yo, Silver! Away . . .

MUSIC.—*Theme.*

Who could forget those tense moments of excitement when "the thundering hooves of the Great Horse, Silver" were heard on the plains . . . via the airwaves . . . bearing the Masked Rider, intent upon rescue, wearing his virtue like a banner, his Indian friend, Tonto, at his side?

Perhaps the most popular Western hero to gain fame during radio's golden heyday, The Lone Ranger galloped through performance after performance of radio heroism on Detroit's WXYZ, a favorite of both children and adults. His dramatic "Hi Yo, Silver" echoed through living rooms all over the world.

When The Lone Ranger was first broadcast, the identity of the sonorous-voiced hero was a closely guarded secret. Then, at a Children's Circus, given by the Detroit Department of Parks and Recreation, Brace Beemer made the first personal appearance as The Lone Ranger.

A huge crowd of youngsters cheered wildly as the masked man rode his white horse across the Belle Isle field, deserting their seats to run to him, following him from the arena like the children of Hamelin following The Pied Piper!

A new hero was born that day . . . and from that moment until the day of his death, Brace Beemer was besieged by a devoted public. Today, nearly 7½ years after his death, Beemer's memory remains firmly entrenched in the hearts and imaginations of those who followed his exploits as the Masked Rider of the Plains!

The Lone Ranger was a wholesome hero with an untarnished image, one any child could emulate, placing good over evil, riding a white horse to inevitable triumph.

Beemer was not the only actor to play the role. George Seton spent some time as the masked man. Then, after Beemer accepted the role, he gave it up for a brief sojourn as station manager, returning when Earl Graser, who had taken over the part, was killed in an auto accident. However, Beemer in the role was perfect casting.

He was a tall man, measuring 6 ft. 3 inches, who loved the outdoors. An expert rider and a crack shot, Beemer was a "man's man," whose appeal stemmed from his rugged charm and virile appearance. During his earlier years in the role, The Lone Ranger made personal appearances in black regalia.

As the months passed by and the character's popularity increased, Beemer allowed The Lone Ranger to don a series of elaborate pastels. One favorite costume was a light gray hue.

Soon Beemer found that The Lone Ranger was continually in demand. He made personal appearance tours, and appeared at rodeos, circuses and benefits. He posed for countless photographic sessions for newspaper and magazine layouts. He traveled extensively for promotional purposes.

He became an honorary "blood brother" in several Indian tribes; was made an honorary member of the Legion of Frontiersmen of Canada; and was deputized in Texas. Among his close friends were former Vice President Alben Barkley and the late FBI chief, J. Edgar Hoover, who admired Beemer's skill on the pistol range (he once racked up a perfect score on an FBI range).

Brace Beemer was born in Illinois. The family moved to Indiana when Brace was very young. At the age of 14, Brace enlisted in the U.S. Army, where he was awarded a Purple Heart for wounds received in action.

Following his youthful stint in the service, he began singing on a radio station in Indianapolis. When he was offered a position at WXYZ in Detroit, he eagerly made the move. Before becoming The Lone Ranger, Beemer appeared as one of the "Wandering Vagabonds" and also read poetry on a program entitled "The Night Shall Be Filled With Music."

One day a young songstress from Flint came to WXYZ studios to audition. Leta Wales was a vaudeville attraction and blues singer who had just completed a road tour and wanted to find steady employment at the station.

She recalls that a friend had just told her fortune, predicting that she would "meet a tall, blond man who would completely change her life." This prediction came true, and Leta Wales and Brace Beemer fell in love and were married in Toledo, while the area newspapers delightedly reported the romance. The Beemers moved to Oxford Township in 1942, purchasing a 300-acre estate called Paint Creek Acres.

Here, Beemer climbed into casual dress and relaxed among a bevy of dogs and horses. Here, he and Leta maintained a gracious country home for their four children. Both Brace and Leta were expert riders, as were their children. At one time, Paint Creek Acres had a stable of 30 horses.

Trendell, Campbell and Meurer, owners of WXYZ and the Lone Ranger series, owned a horse called Silver. Beemer was the owner of Silver's Pride, an Albino-Arabian stallion who made many personal appearances with his famous owner. Beemer preferred appearing with Silver's Pride because he had personally spent many hours with his horse and could ride him with ease despite the vast crowds in the audiences.

Following Beemer's death, Silver's Pride was cared for by Leta Beemer. The horse died at the age of 27 years.

The home at Paint Creek Acres served the Beemer family for many years, but Brace Beemer had always wanted to build a "dream house." This house, located next door to the old Beemer home, was completed in 1964. Beemer lived in this new house for a year before he died, on March 1, 1965, at the age of 62. Throughout the world, his passing was mourned by his legions of fans.

"I was stunned by his death," said Leta Beemer Peterson, now the wife of Dr. Verne Peterson, an Oxford dentist. "I don't know what I'd have done if it hadn't been for my children and my interest in real estate. This helped me pull through those first few years . . ."

"The years with Brace were rich and rewarding," says Leta Beemer Peterson. "And I have a full, satisfying life today. I don't believe in being lonely. I keep busy and interested in people. I suppose you could say that the children and I had to share Brace with the public . . . but we never resented this.

"Perhaps because I was in show business myself, I understood its demands and tried to help his career in any way I could. He was a good person . . . a fine husband, a loving father! Yes, I have had a very happy life!"

Perhaps the world owes a fervent thank you to this friendly, gracious woman who helped The Lone Ranger become a legend of our times . . . a legend which will live on in the memories of those who recall radio's golden years when "the thundering hooves of the Great Horse, Silver" swept out of the West to capture a nation's heart!

Top right: Brace at age 60.
Top left: Visiting schoolchildren
Bottom left: Mrs. Leta Beemer
Peterson today. Bottom right:
Brace and one of his sons

